

Cotton Fields

The Seekers

When I was a little bitty baby
My mama would a-rock me in my cradle
In them old cotton fields back home
When I was a little bitty baby
My mama would a-rock me in my cradle
In them old, old cotton fields back home

Well, it may not sound too funny
But we didn't make a-very much money
In them old cotton fields back home
Well, it may not sound too funny
But we didn't make a-very much money
In them old, old cotton fields back home

Oh when them cotton balls get a-rotten
You couldn't pick a-very much cotton
In them old cotton fields back home
I was down in Louisiana
'Round about a mile from Texarkana
In them old, old cotton fields back home

I was down in Arkansas
People said "What did you come here for?"
From them old, old cotton fields back home
I was down in Arkansas
People said "What did you come here for?"
From them old, old cotton fields back home

Oh when them cotton balls get a-rotten
You couldn't pick a-very much cotton
In them old cotton fields back home
I was down in Louisiana
'Round about a mile from Texarkana
In them old, old cotton fields back home

In them old, old cotton fields back home
In them old, old cotton fields back home